

THE MATRIMONIAL MUSE.

I love a mild domestic life,
Devoted to my wife,
So much so, that from her friends
My fond affection I divide.
And first of all no spouse I want—
Oh, don't I love my mother-in-law!

My pet's old parent's rather stout;
I might just as well be stout;
Some three yards round, not much more,
For thoughts of wedding my front door,
I shouldn't mind the expense one straw,
Oh, don't I love my mother-in-law!

At times I may myself forget,
Which, if she thinks, she tells me;
But when I do, I do all I should,
Her telling tends to make me good;
I'm pleased to have her find the flaw,
Oh, don't I love my mother-in-law!

The servants that upon her wait
A pleasure have which must be great;
And yet can get none to stay,
I grieve so when she goes away,
Tears from my heart her tears draw,
Oh, don't I love my mother-in-law!

A sweet old soul, how pleased I feel
To see her at the social meal,
Of dinner, she, her mouth a drink
N'er opened save to meet—add drink;
And I'll be grudge (I am so free)
Her gin and brandy in her tea.

I hold her in such still awe,
Oh, don't I love my mother-in-law!

ELLIE'S SACRIFICE.

BY ESTHER SEILE KENNETH.

My heroine's name was Ellie. Auld. You wouldn't have known it, perhaps, for everybody called her Ellie. It was a baby name, she said, and she didn't like it; but that is what people called her, nevertheless. Perhaps her slight figure, and small, round face, with its short, clustering auburn hair, had something to do with it; I am quite sure that her mouth had, for it hadn't grown a bit since she was five years old. She was seventeen, but she had a look of being only fourteen. Almost everybody thought that she was fourteen, but Captain Jerry knew better.

Captain Jerry was Captain Jeron Jones of the navy. That is, he had been in volunteer service for five years, having been bred a sailor. When his story opened, he owned a beautiful yacht, and a fine stone house and garden down on Appleton's Beach. Ask anybody to tell you where that was.

Ellie lived in Boston with her Aunt Margaret. At least, there was her home; but for the last two years she had been away at school. When she came home at vacations, she and her aunt always went down to Appleton's Beach to make Captain Jerry a visit. Ellie could not remember when she had not known him.

He was rather short and stout, with a twinkling eye and a head of silvery-gray, curly hair. He always wore an entire suit of fine, firm gray cloth. He carried a very handsome gold watch, which Ellie used to play with when she was small enough to sit on his knee, and it would not you run to hear him laugh. Everybody called him Captain Jerry, though he was no military man. The name suited him, just as Ellie's second appellation probably suited her.

Aunt Margaret Rendell had certainly been a handsome woman. She had a straight nose, and bright eyes, and very smooth, pink cheeks at the time I am telling you of, though her hair was full of silver streaks. When Ellie went back to school after her last vacation, she felt a little uneasy about her aunt. It seemed to her that she was growing pale and old-looking; that she went about silently, as if something troubled her; and she could not once remember having heard her laugh in the old, pleasant way. She had been so glad to be at home, had so much to see and do, that she had not exactly noticed at the time; but when she was in the car, going schoolward again, she realized it, and was conscience-stricken.

"O, I have been so grumpy!" she said. "Why didn't I see and find out what ailed auntie? She said nothing; but then I suppose she thought I was a baby and couldn't do any good. O, I do wish people wouldn't call me a baby, and I hadn't such short, curly hair, and such a babyish mouth! What's the use of growing up if nobody knows it? There's Harry Haydon always says, 'Good-morning, Ellie,' as careless as can be, while he takes off his hat to Bell Covert, and actually blushes when he meets her!"

So, when the cars stopped at Saunders Centre, and Ellie was waiting in the ladies' room, the driver of the stage which went over Academy Hill put his head in at the door and called, "Is Miss Ellie Auld here?" she immediately corrected him:

"I am Miss Ellie Auld."

"All right," he said, good-naturedly; "place for you in the stage."

At her first opportunity Ellie wrote to her aunt:

"DEAR AUNTIE:—I want you to write immediately and tell me what troubles you. I did not see it while I was at home, but I have been thinking about you ever since, and I am convinced that you have something on your mind which you have not confided to me. You have grown pale, and you did not once laugh in your own home. Something has happened; tell me what it is. I am not a baby; I am a woman. Confide in me, dear auntie. Two things I can do for you, if one is covered with little, silly, short curls. Affectionately yours, ELLIE."

It was some time before an answer came; but at last it did come, and read as follows:

"MY DEAR CHILD:—I am sorry that you have had any trouble about me. Be sure that whether or I have any secret cares, you can do me no good, except in excelling in your scholarship, and granting soon enough to me before me another long, cold winter comes. I get very lonesome sometimes, but nothing does me as much good as to know that you are doing well, and that you are in good health and happy. Captain Jerry was in town yesterday. He called, and said that he sent you a letter, and that Appleton Beach was lonesome without you. Write as often as you can, devote yourself to your studies, and don't be troubled about me. Affectionately, AUNT MARGARET."

This letter did not satisfy Ellie at all. But there was nothing more that she could do but to apply herself to her graduation and get home the next fall.

She graduated in July, and went home the first of September. She looked up at the windows as the hack drove to the door of her aunt's house, but no one was to be seen. A strange maid-servant admitted her, a little chore girl, remarkably stupid; but she told her where her aunt was.

"She's not in the parlor, miss; Mr. Stacy has the parlor, and Miss Travers is in the next room. You'll find her upstairs in the front chamber, miss. That's her room now."

Ellie flew up stairs. There, at the front window, sat Aunt Margaret, sewing.

"O dear, dear auntie, I'm so glad to see you!" she cried, springing into her arms. "But what in the world are you here for? and what did the girl mean by saying that Mr. Stacy was in the parlor and Miss Travers in the sitting-room? and why do you have such an insignificant little maid? and where's Betty?"

"Take off your wrappings and sit down, my dear. I could not afford to keep Betty."

"Why not, auntie?"
Ellie, in the brisk work of the last three months, had forgotten she had been fearful that something troubled her aunt; besides, when one has reason for being happy about something, one forgets or disregards certain other things not pleasant. In Ellie's pocket, at that very moment, was a little note which read as follows:

"DEAR ELLIE:—When I met you at church yesterday, I did not have time to say to you what I wished to say, though I knew I would not see you again. Won't you write me after you are at home? I have no sisters, as the other fellows have, and I have cared a great deal more for your smiles and pleasant words than you know. I should be very unhappy if I thought I should never see you again. Won't you write me a little word of reply? Very truly your friend, HARRY HAYDON."

Enclosed in the sheet was a photograph of a very agreeable young fellow, with pleasant eyes and a blonde moustache, which Ellie had privately pronounced the most beautiful moustache in the world. So it is not to be wondered at, perhaps, that she experienced a sudden shock when she saw her aunt's face paler than ever she had seen it in her life, and with hollows under the eyes that seemed to have changed it utterly.

"Why, Aunt Margaret, have you been sick?" she asked.

"No, dear," she replied.

"Why, it frightens me to look at you, somehow. What has happened?"

Aunt Margaret took Ellie's hand and drew her down to a seat at her feet.

"You are a woman now, Ellie, and perhaps I ought to tell you."

"Yes, tell me, auntie. What is it?"

"Well, my lines have fallen in hard places. I have been well off, but now I am poor. I let my lawyer, Mr. Perry, use a large sum of my money in a speculation which promised well, but proved an utter failure. Then they taxed me heavily for my house. I could not pay the taxes, and was obliged to sell it; but I rent it again, and let part of it to lodgers, which brings in the rent. But I have literally no home any longer, Ellie—none to offer you. The house is old-fashioned, and does not let well. People of taste and means prefer more modern habitations. I have hardly any income and am worried about my next quarter's rent."

"But where is the money you received for the house, auntie? How long ago did you sell it?"

"More than a year ago, Ellie, and the money has gone in different ways—some of it for your schooling."

Ellie was grave enough now. She saw how it was. Dear Aunt Margaret, who had been as a mother to her, and her dearest friend all her life had come to this! She could not but feel in her throat, and her lips quivered. After a moment she controlled herself.

"Well, auntie," she said, "I am young and strong, and have a good education. I will go right to teaching, and that will be an income for both of us. I'll begin to-morrow getting a school."

"Trying and succeeding are two different things. There appeared to be a wonderful surplus of teachers. It seemed to need a remarkable degree of outside influence to secure the ear of the committee, in the first place. Ellie and her aunt had always been quiet, retired people, living much to themselves, and Ellie had no one to recommend her to the august trio. Again, there seemed very few vacancies, and although she was examined, and pronounced competent, and offered some encouragement, she never gained a position. She became fagged and exhausted in her endeavors, and though several sweet little notes came from Harry Haydon, she could hardly look glad over them. She must do something to support herself, at least. She had not exactly noticed at the time; but when she was in the car, going schoolward again, she realized it, and was conscience-stricken.

Just at this time Captain Jerry came up from Appleton Beach.

"Why, Ellie, you have grown as pretty as a pink," said he.

Ellie did not feel in the least like a pink. She had walked the day before until she was utterly worn out, and when night came, she had slept so soundly that she awoke with a headache. Then she had cried a little before coming down to breakfast, which did not tend to improve her appearance, she thought.

"So you are worried, are you?" said Captain Jerry, then.

"Has Aunt Margaret told you, then?"

"Yes, and we have concluded that it would be a good plan for you to go down to Appleton Beach to live."

"To your house?"

"Yes, will you go?"

A sudden thought flashed over Ellie. Through all Captain Jerry's bachelor days, he had repeatedly declared that Ellie should be his little wife some day. He meant now that she should marry him.

She turned pale as snow, and then flushed from head to foot. Before she knew what she was going to do, she had turned and run out of the room.

She locked herself in her chamber and sat down to think. Could she do it? Yes, she would. Aunt Margaret must be taken care of, and there was the comfortable stone house at Appleton Beach. She wasn't any more in love with Capt. Jerry than if he were her father; but she put herself out of the question. He was good, a safe man to trust in any emergency, and Aunt Margaret would always find him a friend. She would live with them, of course, and have the little south room that overlooked the garden, and the terrible weight and long, cold winter comes. I get very lonesome sometimes, but nothing does me as much good as to know that you are doing well, and that you are in good health and happy. Captain Jerry was in town yesterday. He called, and said that he sent you a letter, and that Appleton Beach was lonesome without you. Write as often as you can, devote yourself to your studies, and don't be troubled about me. Affectionately, AUNT MARGARET."

So, when the cars stopped at Saunders Centre, and Ellie was waiting in the ladies' room, the driver of the stage which went over Academy Hill put his head in at the door and called, "Is Miss Ellie Auld here?" she immediately corrected him:

"I am Miss Ellie Auld."

"All right," he said, good-naturedly; "place for you in the stage."

At her first opportunity Ellie wrote to her aunt:

"DEAR AUNTIE:—I want you to write immediately and tell me what troubles you. I did not see it while I was at home, but I have been thinking about you ever since, and I am convinced that you have something on your mind which you have not confided to me. You have grown pale, and you did not once laugh in your own home. Something has happened; tell me what it is. I am not a baby; I am a woman. Confide in me, dear auntie. Two things I can do for you, if one is covered with little, silly, short curls. Affectionately yours, ELLIE."

It was some time before an answer came; but at last it did come, and read as follows:

"MY DEAR CHILD:—I am sorry that you have had any trouble about me. Be sure that whether or I have any secret cares, you can do me no good, except in excelling in your scholarship, and granting soon enough to me before me another long, cold winter comes. I get very lonesome sometimes, but nothing does me as much good as to know that you are doing well, and that you are in good health and happy. Captain Jerry was in town yesterday. He called, and said that he sent you a letter, and that Appleton Beach was lonesome without you. Write as often as you can, devote yourself to your studies, and don't be troubled about me. Affectionately, AUNT MARGARET."

This letter did not satisfy Ellie at all. But there was nothing more that she could do but to apply herself to her graduation and get home the next fall.

She graduated in July, and went home the first of September. She looked up at the windows as the hack drove to the door of her aunt's house, but no one was to be seen. A strange maid-servant admitted her, a little chore girl, remarkably stupid; but she told her where her aunt was.

Just after the wedding Harry Haydon came to Boston, and then went to Appleton Beach for a visit, and—well, he and Ellie are engaged.

HERE AND THERE.

Salt Lake City, Utah, has 140 acres of public parks.

Paris surgeons found dimples at one napoleon each.

There are 7,000 men at work on De Lessep's Panama canal.

The past winter has been one of the best for lumbering ever known in Maine.

In Siberia milk is sold in blocks with a little stick frozen in for a handle to carry it.

There are ten thousand Mormons who uphold polygamy in the territory of Idaho.

Five boys under twenty years of age are in jail in Portland, Oregon, charged with murder.

The sleigh stage which runs between Fairhaven and Benson, Vt., has been used for 124 years.

Pennsylvania produced 84.5 per cent of the 2,752,475 tons of coke made in the country in 1880.

A Boston firm recently shipped a lot of base balls to the students of Robert College at Constantinople.

About 450 miles of thread are made each day in American mills. Thirty years ago it was all imported.

This has served as a test winter for the St. Gothard tunnel, which has answered the best expectations.

A Chicago man is the possessor of an old red cent which he claims to be the first penny coined in America.

Over 18,000 head of buffalo have been killed east of the Yellowstone River, in Montana Territory, this season.

Mahogany, ebony, rosewood and cedar are used as fuel by the poorest people in some parts of Mexico.

A West Point cadet begins with the same pay which a Prussian captain receives after twenty years' service.

The Orleans Princes have mortgaged all their property in France to foreign corporations for 75,000,000 francs.

The immigration to Dakota will be unprecedentedly large this spring. Already multitudes of people are on the way.

Walking from his home to the London docks, an aggregate of 11,823 miles, a man has collected 600,000 cigar ends in seven years.

There has been no colder season along the Hudson than the one just finished since 1843. This year the river has been closed 120 days.

There are already 1,600 telephones in Mexico, but they have no hello in that language. The nearest substitute is the word "he," pronounced "hay."

The principal Roman Catholic newspaper organ of Dublin, gives full and fair reports of D. L. Moody's discourses in that city during his last visit.

A Florida alligator culturist has 1,200 of the animals ready for shipment to various sections of the country from which he received orders for them.

All the Texas papers report extensive farming preparations in progress. More corn and other grain is the determination of many farmers in Mississippi.

Colonies of Russian Hebrew refugees have been established in Dakota, Kansas, Virginia and Oregon, and good crop reports are received from them.

At the sale of the King Library at New York, last week, an almanac printed by William Bradford of Philadelphia, 1686, sold for \$320. Only one other copy is in existence.

A neat cemetery has been laid out at Tel-el-Kebir, and the bodies of all the English soldiers who were killed in the Egyptian campaign have been collected and buried there.

There are 1,100 foundlings at a single institution in New York City, and the collection has been made within two years. Most of them were left upon the doorsteps of wealthy residents.

The postal cards are made at Holyoke, Mass., by forty men, who turn out a million daily. They have diminished the consumption of writing paper by from \$12,000,000 to \$15,000,000 a year.

Omaha has a high school principal who makes written contracts with the boys to the effect that after being called up a certain number of times they shall be whipped; and he says the plan works finely.

A Turkish Pasha has shown his appreciation of the work of mission schools in his country by the following remark: "When a girl has come back from the American Mission School you should not say a girl, but a school has come."

A religious sect in Switzerland contemplates emigration in mass to the Argentine Republic for the purpose of escaping military service. At home, it being contrary to their doctrines to bear arms or take part in war fare.

The Minneapolis Tribune says that never before in the history of the new Northwest has the spring movement of immigrants and home-seekers set in towards the inviting fields of western Minnesota and Dakota so early and in such tremendous volume.

Four states in New England have made more or less changes in their divorce laws for the better within five years. Divorces have, in consequence, fallen off nearly one-third in Vermont, one-fourth in Connecticut, and one-fifth in Massachusetts.

The changes made the past month in Maine laws will insure a further reduction.

SPOOFENDYKE'S BASTER.

The Enthusiasm With Which He and Mrs. Spoofendyke and the Decorative Went to Church.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Spoofendyke, gathering up her skirts and making for the door, "now, my dear, we are all ready, aren't we? You take those pots of plants and I'll carry the cut flowers."

"How'm I to take thirteen pots of plants in two hands?" growled Mr. Spoofendyke, surveying his job with dissatisfaction in his eye. "What is there about me that seems to give you the impression that I am a freight train? What'd'y call these things anyway? What's this ghost standing up here with a candle in his hand! What particular interest has he got in the Easter business. How'm I going to carry these things? That's what I want to know."

"That's a calla lily, dear," replied Mrs. Spoofendyke, laying down her flowers and turning to help her husband. "Now, you can take these pots in your arms by letting the edge of one pot rest on the edge of another. Let me show you," and Mrs. Spoofendyke arranged the pots, neatly folded in clean white paper, in her husband's arms. "That's the way to carry them," she chirped opening the door for him. "Now you are all right."

"Expect me o put on my hat with my leg, don't you?" inquired Mr. Spoofendyke, who couldn't see that he might see out from his burden. "Praps you think I don't need any decoration while I'm carrying these dodged shrubs! Maybe you think I'd present a more tropical appearance without any hat!"

"I'll put on your hat, dear," fluttered Mrs. Spoofendyke, and she carefully put it on his head before, and flattened it down until the "back breadth," as she called it, rested on his shoulders. "Now you're all right, dear, be careful of the flowers!"

Mr. Spoofendyke followed his wife to the street and gave the burden a sort of hitch to relieve himself.

"Here! Look here!" he cried to his wife, "you didn't load me straight! These things are slipping! Fix 'em, can't ye?"

"What haven't you got to go," pleaded Mrs. Spoofendyke, who couldn't see that "they" was wrong. "Can't you hold on to them, dear, till we get to church?"

"Oh, I can't hold 'em!" squealed Mr. Spoofendyke. "Get out of my eye! Can't ye take this yaller lily out of my eye? Look out for my hat! Don't you see it's slipping off? If you don't make some better arrangement about these things the neighbors will be started peering through the sound of cracking crockery!"

"I hope you won't break any of them," sighed Mrs. Spoofendyke. Then she pulled his hat over his eyes and took him by the elbow to lead him along.

"Look out!" yelled Mr. Spoofendyke, as he felt a pot going. "Here's a decoration in danger! Catch it, if ye don't want to lose a big slice of this resurrection! Catch it, quick!"

But Mrs. Spoofendyke was too late. The pot dropped with a crash on Mr. Spoofendyke's instep and rolled into the gutter.

"Oh, dear!" moaned Mrs. Spoofendyke. "There you are!" roared Mr. Spoofendyke, hopping with pain and dropping another pot. "Satisfied now? Know any one you want to back me against for a Garden of Eden? Got any more horticultural societies you want to knock out? Here goes another!" and the third of the series smashed on the sidewalk. "A charge I have to keep," and down came the largest pot of the lot with a prodigious noise.

"Don't!" squealed Mrs. Spoofendyke, watching the fate of her decorations with dismay.

"I ain't!" yelled Mr. Spoofendyke, letting go two more in the effort to keep his hat on, "who is? Get hold of that off representative of the day we celebrate!" and Mr. Spoofendyke clutched wildly at a sliding pot, not that he cared for the flower particularly, but he felt four drop on his foot and he felt some fears. "Dod gast the pot," he squeaked, as it eluded him and landed on his best coat.

"I think you're real mean!" sobbed Mrs. Spoofendyke, surveying the wreck with streaming eyes.

"You do, do you?" howled Mr. Spoofendyke, who felt as badly as his wife did not that it was all over. "Praps you had some kind of a notion that those pots wouldn't fall when I let go of 'em. Why didn't you put 'em in a bag so a man could carry 'em? What do you want of decorations, anyway?"

"Because to-morrow's Easter, and I wanted to help make the church look pretty," and with this explanation Mrs. Spoofendyke broke down completely and wept bitterly.

"Wall, ain't it just as much Easter outdoors as it is in the church?" demanded Mr. Spoofendyke. "And haven't you decorated as much as any woman? What'd you expect? Think people are going to take you for a cathedral just because you take a few shrubs to church once a year? Now I hear any more whimpering. With your notions about duty and desire to get the best of the other women in the church, you only want a bell in your mouth and a black collar to be a whole guild!"

And with this benediction Mr. Spoofendyke started off to see Specklewhite and make some arrangement with him for going fishing as soon as the trout ponds should show signs of breaking up.

An Accurate Time-Piece.

While on the subject of Waltham watches, we may mention that we have a letter from the Commander of the Gordon Castle (Castle line of Steam Packets), who was fortunate enough to save life at sea, and who for his gallant conduct was presented in September last with a Gold Keyless Waltham Watch by the President of the United States, on behalf of the London Local Marine Watch. Referring to this Presentation Watch, he says: "When I left London the watch was six seconds fast, and on my arrival at Singapore it was only three seconds slow, a most extraordinary performance for a watch, as I carried it on my person the whole time. I compared it every day with my chronometers on passage out, and it seldom on or over differed one second from them; in fact, I found it almost, if not as good as my chronometers, which is a great deal to say for a watch carried about and subject to all kinds of jolts."—London, England, The Waltham Jeweller and Silversmith, Feb. 1893.

HOW CLERGYMEN GET RICH.—The

story of a New York clergyman who was in the act of admiring a \$20 gold piece which he had received for a marriage fee when a messenger from the groom arrived to exchange it for a small bill reminds a correspondent of an incident in the clerical experience of the Rev. Christopher Corey, of La Grange county, Indiana. Several years ago on a very cold day that excellent man rode on horseback a distance of six miles to perform a marriage ceremony. As he was about starting for home, having been authorized the two hearts to beat as one, a coin was placed in his hand. He dropped it into his pocket and rode away. When he got home he looked at it, and lo! it was an old-fashioned copper cent. The next morning the groom appeared at his door, and having explained with considerable embarrassment how the annoying mistake had been made, took back the cent and handed the clergyman a quarter.

Two gentlemen being out early one Sunday in the suburbs of London, one of them remarked, "How plainly one can hear the London church bells this morning; did you notice it?" "Yes," replied the other, "I noticed it, but I noticed the bells could be heard more distinctly since the opening of the new road. You see that it shortens the distance to town."

"That's so; I did not think of that till you spoke," was the reply; and they both walked on, mutually pleased with having solved the difficult question.

The Empress of Russia never wears any fur but sable; the Empress of Austria confines herself to astrakhan; her daughter-in-law, Prince Rodolph's wife, will have nothing but otter; the Queen of Holland wears only martens; the Queen of Roumania, chinchilla, and the Queen of Spain, beaver. Sealskin appears to be scorned by royalty.

A tourist leaning out of a nook, Fell on his head near a brook. The hurt he received, St. Jacobs Oil relieved. And he said it cured "like a book."

Great cures from little acorns spring. Great cures the little toe-corns bring; But for every corn, That ever was born, St. Jacobs Oil is just the thing.

A torn jacket is soon mended, but hard words bruise the heart of a child.—Longfellow.

A life saved for thirty-five cents! A lady in Boston had Diphtheria and was almost dead from strangulation, but was instantly relieved and finally cured by Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. Every family should have a bottle ready for instant use.

The farmers are the founders of civilization.—Daniel Webster.

Profitable investment. One dollar's worth of Sheridan's Cough Condition Powder fed to a coop of thirty hens will yield a profit of three dollars, besides preventing all manner of diseases. Be sure to get Sheridan's. The large packs are worthless.

It is better for a young man to blush than to turn pale.—Cato.

The North American Indians know more in their day and generation of the children of light. They first used petroleum as a Hair Dressing. Carboline is made from petroleum deprived of its disagreeable properties and deodorized.

Childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day.—Milton.

Important. When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Express and Carriage Hire and stop at the Grand Union Hotel opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

There are in business three things necessary—knowledge, temper and time.—Feltman.

The Kind We Like. The medicine we most like is that which does its work quick and well. Burdock Blood Purifiers are the quickest kind of a cure for dyspepsia and liver and kidney affections.

You may depend on it he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good.—Lavater.

What Three Applications Did. "I was troubled very much with sore feet. Three applications of Thomas' Ecliptic Oil cured them. Nobody would believe in the market."—Jacob Butler, Reading, Pa.

Flattery is as easily swallowed as a sugar-coated pill.

Detectives and Private Officers. Usually wear their badges of authority concealed under their clothing, but Dr. Thomas' Ecliptic Oil wears its badge in the form of printed labels attached to each and every bottle, so that all may know its mission. It is given full and complete authority to arrest all pains and pains, and does its duty every time and every where.

The church is the first toll gate on the road to heaven.

STRAIGHTEN YOUR old boots and shoes with